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Er Ku Niang's Surrender.

(Theodora Marshall Inglis, in the 'Presbyterian Banner.')

Er Ku Niang was born in the city of Peking, and there her childhood passed uneventfully, as most girl's lives are passed in China. She had her childish amusements with her young neighbors, in the same yard or compound, where a number of families lived in rented houses. These were all surrounded by one mud brick wall, some fifteen feet in height and three feet thick. But the children were not confined within this enclosure during the daytime, and for hours together played out in the narrow street or alley near their big gate; here they enjoyed all sorts of games, but Er Ku Niang most delighted in shouting ridicule after any chance foreigner who passed that way.

Yet, despite this pernicious pastime and her unfavorable surroundings, she grew up into a most lovable little Chinese maiden. In fact, the neighbors could record of her few unfavorable actions up until the time she fell into a spasm of genuine Chinese rage. And for this even they excused her because of her provocation. It was that her widowed mother, Mrs. Wang, had come out boldly as a believer in the 'Jesus Doctrine.'

This occurred when Er Ku Niang was thirteen years of age, and she was soon after taken to live in a mission compound, where her persecuted mother had found refuge and service. While there, influence was brought to bear upon little Er Ku Niang in the hope of having her enter the mission school, but she scoffed at the school girls and reproached her mother for following the despised foreigners and their doctrines. She boasted that she preferred the gods of her own people and even went so far as to keep a painted paper god in her possession, but it must be said that her private devotions to his majesty were sadly neglected, once she even spit upon him, because of some unanswered prayer.

Thus a few years passed and gradually those about her realized that Er Ku Niang had developed into a beautiful young woman, with charms indescribable in her possession. The maiden knew it also, for her mirror daily showed her a winsome face of oval lines, from forehead to rounded chin, lustrous black lashed eyes, pouting lips, a dash of red beneath the olive of her cheeks, and all this loveliness framed by purple black hair.

The mirror was too small to reveal more of what she knew well enough, her shapely little figure, tapering fingers and chin and beautiful unbound feet, for Er Ku Niang was of the Manchu race.

When she was sixteen, the men-servants in the compound were all jealous of each other because of her. The clerks from the shops were calling at the compound with every conceivable display of goods. So, in desperation over her waywardness and coquetry, Mrs. Wang set about to betroth Er Ku Niang. Her brother was engaged as 'go between,' and he soon made arrangements that his niece should become the wife of a heathen shopkeeper, who lived in another city, thirty miles distant from Peking.

Er Ku Niang was secretly delighted with the prospect of a change in her life, and glad, she told her mother, that she was to marry into a heathen family, where they would follow the heathen customs. Yet, with all her boasting, she was surprised and dismayed to find, upon her entrance into her husband's household, that he had other little wives or concubines. She suddenly realized that she preferred the Christian custom of one wife for one man. And still another sad discovery was in store for her. She was linked to a besotted opium smoker, who never wearied in his efforts to persuade her to use the drug. In fact, Er Ku Niang was out of all harmony with her wretched surroundings, and she finally became so desperate that she planned to escape back to her mother. To this end she became slovenly, shrewish, until her husband disdained her company altogether and her mother-in-law gossiped about her with the strutting wives.

When she concluded that she had made herself so disagreeable as to be undesirable, Er Ku Niang donned ragged garments, fled out into the city streets, hired a cart, and within twenty-four hours flung herself at the feet of her mother, sobbing out her wrongs.

Mrs. Wang's mother's heart responded, and clasping her daughter in her arms, she vowed that Er Ku Niang should never return to her husband. And she never did, for news of his death came soon after the

LIGHT IN THE HOME.

'The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul:

The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart:

The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever:

The judgments of the Lord are true, and righteous altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold;

Sweeter also than honey, and the honeycomb.

Moreover by them is Thy servant warned,

And in keeping of them there is great reward.'

—Psalm xix., 7-11.

young wife's flight, and, needless to say, he was not long mourned by Er Ku Niang.

Providence having settled her troubles so very satisfactorily, Er Ku Niang decided not to become a Christian, but to remain for a time at least in their company. Being a widow, she was privileged to give service and she soon found employment with the foreigners whom she had so frequently derided. Poor little ignorant Er Ku Niang. The world was too kind to her, its flattery too open and she soon held ideas far beyond her station. It was impossible for her young mistress to convince her that she should pray to the true God, who would change her heart into something sweet and humble.

'I don't want a sweet and humble heart,' she would reply; 'I feel that I was not born to serve, and I mean to marry an official with, oh, plenty of money. Then I shall be a lady.'

Despite these worldly ambitions, Er Ku Niang suddenly fell in love with Chang Er, the cook of the place. This in itself was perhaps indicative of her proper sphere in society. But against this feeling for Chang Er, which had come so swiftly into her heart, the Chinese girl raged and struggled.

In the first place, Chang Er was a cook and a Christian, and the latter she would never become. So to strengthen her resolutions, she bought some paper gods and pasted them up in her room. This room was not far distant from Chang Er's kitchen, and Er Ku Niang always burned her incense when the wind blew his way. Sometimes, too, she prayed long and shrilly, but only when she heard Chang Er singing his hymns. Those prayers always silenced Chang Er, a fine manly fellow, who, at these times, would set his lips and pray silently for Er Ku Niang, but not to her gods. As much as she rebelled against this tender feeling in her heart, so was she angered with Chang Er for his indifference toward her.

'I shall never marry any but a Christian girl,' he told his mother, who took delight in repeating the remark to Er Ku Niang, for the old woman feared that the young widow thought herself irresistible. Also, like mothers with an only son, she strongly suspected that Er Ku Niang was one of many in love with Chang Er.

But she was almost deceived by the girl's fine indifference, for she answered sweetly: 'Oh, as to that, Christian should wed with Christian; now I could never be happy with anyone but a worshipper of the true gods of my own people.'

But when she went to her room that night she threw herself face downward on the brick floor in front of her paper gods. There she lay for a long time, muttering prayers that it was well Chang Er could not hear; prayers filled with bitter execration of her own wayward heart and pleadings for strength to follow her own will.

She arose somewhat comforted, but the next day, when she saw Chang Er lift a wounded bird from the ground and stroke it tenderly she fled again trembling to her room. This time she did not beseech her gods, but with frantic haste tore them from the wall and stamped upon them in a frenzy of rage and desperation.

Then suddenly she grew calm, standing a little shipwrecked mariner in the waste of her paper gods; an instant she hesitated, then dropped upon her knees, as she had often seen her mother do, and for the first time in her life she prayed:

'Jesus, Jesus, help me; help me!' Only this, but when she had done a strange peace filled her wayward heart. It was not long, however, before she was angry with herself for turning to the foreigner's God, and she resolved to leave the place where she was so unhappy.

Chang Er overheard her telling her mistress that she must go, and with a strangely sinking heart, he saw the baby Er Ku Niang had cared for bury its little head in her bosom.

'She has a good heart, for little children love her and I love her,' he said to himself, and was very miserable.

He sat sorting beans at the corner of the house, when Er Ku Niang walked by toward the gate.

'Good-bye!' she called gaily, with a clear little laugh, but her eyes were red.

In answer Chang Er raised his head, looked at her searchingly, and said: 'Why will you struggle against your heart, which was meant to be good and kind?'

'You mean, why will I not become a Christion?' she cried, flushing angrily. 'Why should I when I hate them all?'

'You do not hate them all. You do not hate me, Er Ku Niang,' said Chang Er sternly, 'and some day you will long to acknowledge the true God.'

'Never!' cried the girl, trembling for fear her secret was discovered. 'Never, and you will be sorry you are a Christian in the days that all say are coming. Why, all the foreigners and their followers are to be cast into the sea—and that day of wrath is soon to be here. But,' she added, mockingly, 'you will doubtless renounce your Jesus when trial comes, so I need not fear for you!' And with this shaft she fled, leaving Chang Er staring sorrowfully after her.

From that day on the devil seemed to control Er Ku Niang. She refused to live with her mother, but went instead to an old heathen aunt's, and there she mocked the Jesus sect to her heart's content; not that, either, for content and Er Ku Niang were strangers.

So two months passed, and daily rumors of coming massacre of foreigners and Christians filled the city. Gradually Er Ku Niang's manner changed; she seemed restless, and finally one day informed her aunt that she would return to her mother that night. Night came, but before the sun had dropped behind the western hills riot and bloodshed ran like wildfire through the city of Peking.

Er Ku Niang's aunt was paralyzed with fear; she suddenly remembered that Er Ku Niang's mother was a Christian, and so thrust the daughter out upon the street, bidding her seek her own mother and not to endanger other people's lives because she was the daughter of a vile Christian.

It was dark when Er Ku Niang staggered forth, but she could see her way quite plainly, for the sky above her was lurid with flames. She was glad—yes, glad to be free, but when she saw the great flames rushing upward from the mission where her mother lived, she wrung her hands in agony and turned in another direction. Where should she go and to whom? Ah, it was of Chang Er she thought. Chang Er, the despised Christian. She seemed borne on a great wave of love in the direction of the place where he had livd.

Although she kept in by-streets and alleys, she saw the flames growing brighter, smelled the smoke, heard the crackle of the burning, mingled with the fierce cries of the mob of Boxers, busy with their horrid work.

But, worse than all, every now and then there smote her ear the moan of fugitives and death shrieks of the overtaken. She crouched once in a niche in a wall, and she prayed to her mother's God. While there fled by her young men with aged parents on their backs; wives with little children on their breasts. Sometimes husbands were with them, but often not. And sometimes a stray child ran by, shrieking for mother or father. Many of these poor victims were cut and bleeding. Er Ku Niang fainted once when a young girl fell dead and almost at her feet, but she recovered and turned from this sad sight back to scanning each pursued one as she fled past. No, Chang Er was not there, and Er Ku Niang, desperate beyond control, fled out into the deluge of fire and blood to seek him.

As she was rushing toward the danger instead of away, she was allowed to pass unmolested. Her garments were torn; her hair hung about her fear-distorted face; she shrieked as she ran, and so wild she looked that many superstitiously thought her a demon sent out to encourage the human sacrifices.

Heedless of dangers, the girl fled in the direction of Chang Er's old home and suddenly she met him, face to face, staggering along, his aged mother on his back. But before she had time to speak his name a huge knife cut his mother from his back and cleft the gray head in twain. Then she saw the man fall upon Chang Er and struggle with him.

With a cry of love and anguish Er Ku Niang rushed forward and flung herself between them. The Boxer fell back and Er Ku Niang recognized a distant cousin. They stared dumbly at each other, while Chang Er cried aloud one great cry that thrilled Er Ku Niang to the heart.

'Er Ku Niang! Er Ku Niang! Spare her life. Kill me but spare this woman!'

But Er Ku Niang cried imperiously: 'Spare this man's life! My cousin, spare it for my sake!'

'He is a Christian and will not recant—what is he to you?' roughly demanded her cousin.

And as Chang Er lapsed into unconsciousness, he heard her cry again: 'This man is my husband, if he dies I must!'

How she wrought upon her cruel cousin's heart was never known, but he sent Chang Er and Er Ku Niang into the country, where they found refuge. Here Chang Er was nursed back to life and health again by Er Ku Niang, who never ceased her secret prayers to Chang Er's God. To him she had surrendered her heart in its entirety while she fled seeking Chang Er on that awful night of June 13, 1900.

When the Boxer Rebellion was quelled Chang Er and Er Ku Niang were married in an improvised chapel near one of the ruined mission compounds.

The slayer of Chang Er's mother had been killed in a quarrel with another Boxer, and Chang Er felt glad that he could mourn his mother without bitterness or revengeful feelings toward anyone connected with Er Ku Niang.

As it was, he made a home for wife and mother, for Er Ku Niang's mother had escaped the massacre, and their home is a united one, all three happy in loving and serving the one who so wonderfully showed his grace unto them.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Miss Lorrimer's Class

(Miriam Baxter, in the New York 'Observer.')

Everyone said it was the model class of the school.

Alice Fairchild sits at the end of the seat and is the eldest of four bright girls. She is a tall, graceful girl, with dark eyes and dense masses of black hair coiled high on her head. You see at a glance that she has character, and strength, too—one of those rare faces full of such possibilities as make you tremble for the future. Alice has no Christian training at home, for her mother died in her early infancy, and her father is an outspoken infidel.

Janet Noble sits next to Alice on the bench. A sweet, thoughtless, unconscious kind of face she has, as if she had never had an idea deeper than the fit of the exquisite glove which she is just now smoothing so carefully on her slender hand. Janet has a Christian mother, but one so engrossed in worldly cares that she has given very little thought to her child's soul up to this time. So long as Janet attends church once a Sunday, and goes to the Sunday-school regularly, she feels an easy consciousness that things are going on just as they should, and so she gives herself very little solicitude about Janet in any way.

Next to Janet comes Cora Seldon, and she is the least attractive of the four girls. It is a discordant sort of face you feel at a glance. She is not more than sixteen, yet there are hard cynical lines around the mouth already, and a little twist between the delicately pencilled brows that speaks of fretfulness and discontent; not at all an amiable character is this girl's, and she needs strong influences in the right direction or she will make fatal mistakes.

The last one on the bench is the youngest girl in Miss Lorrimer's class, and different entirely from the other three. Betty Carew is her name, and she does not belong quite to the same social grade with the other three. Her dress is plainer. All the other girls can see at a glance that Betty's hat was worn last year, and that her kid gloves have been carefully mended; but they all love her nevertheless. There is such a winning smile around the sweet lips, such a trusting look in the brown eyes, that very few people pass her by without a second look. There was in this young childish face a serene expression, a tranquil brightness that spoke of a heart at peace with itself and with its God.

There, have I made you see the girls in Miss Katherine Lorrimer's class? Suddenly their whispered conversation is hushed, and every face smiles a welcome as a graceful, elegant looking young lady comes swiftly down the aisle, and drops into the chair before them.

To say that these four girls love their teacher would very feebly express it. They almost idolize her. Everything she does and says is perfection. Her style of dress, the peculiar way in which she wears her hair, her voice, her accent, those lovely blue eyes, and soft, fluffy curls on the white forehead, the small hands so daintily gloved—every detail is absolute perfection in the eyes of these four girls, for they love her with that instinctive hero-worship that is wrapped away in every girl's heart and must have some object.

Miss Lorrimer is lovely and accomplished. She is a graduate of 'Vassar,' and is very bright and intelligent, and to the girls in her class she is thoroughly fascinating.

The one slight flaw is that the young lady is not a Christian herself; but that fact never presented itself to her mind as being at all in the way of her taking a class in the Sunday-school, and she had had now for nearly a year the training of four immortal spirits entrusted to her care.

It seems an anomaly for one to be trying to show the road to any place while one's own feet are turned quite in another direction; but this view of the matter had evidently never presented itself to the mind of the young lady herself, and as to the responsibility about the souls of those four girls sitting on the bench before her, Miss Lorrimer seemed never to have had a thought.

Mr. Foster, the superintendent, had only had charge of the school a few months, and had not felt at liberty so far to make any changes. One thing he could and did do—he carried that particular class and its teacher constantly to a throne of grace, but his heart was always heavy when he looked toward Miss Lorrimer's class.

And yet the young lady taught the lessons thoroughly and exhaustively. I doubt if there was another class in the school half as well instructed in the geography and topography of Palestine. She had a year or two before made the tour of Europe and of the Holy Land, and when she launched out into vivid descriptions of places and scenes she had herself visited, the four girls leaned forward in their seats and hung upon every word with breathless interest.

Lesson; the lesson this morning is the parable of the wheat and the tares. The girls have read over the lesson, and answered the regular questions in the lesson-paper, and now the teacher is talking to them. See the eager, bright young faces, leaning quite close to her own, so as not to lose one word; and it is not strange that they do listen, for Miss Lorrimer is a genuine word-painter. She has a quick, artistic temperament, too, and knows how to make her sentences glow like the colors on a canvas. She makes them see it all: the soft sunshine lighting up the pale blue of the Sea of Galilee, relieved by the dense, dark shade of the mountains beyond; the rude little fishing boat rocking idly with the slight swell of the waves; the group of disciples gathering close about the Master, and the waiting multitude on the shore pressing nearer and yet nearer to hear the wondrous voice. You see it all, as with swift, graphic touches, the young teacher describes the scene: Peter's strong, restless face; John's full of unutterable love and holy calm; Thomas, eager and full of questionings; you recognize them all, and so real does she make the scene that you could almost fancy that you catch the low splash of the waves against the rocky bank. Then follows a brief but comprehensive description of the soil and products of the richest and most fertile valley in all Palestine; of the primitive way of tilling the land and sowing the seed, the various other minor points, all very instructive to a student of ancient history, but the whole containing not one word of the awful fact of individual responsibility about sowing quite another kind of seed—not one thought on her part that she herself, with the precious seed in her very hands, was sowing rapidly, but alas! not the good seed, but only tares.

The superintendent's bell tapped, and the lesson was over.

'Oh! I am so sorry the time is up. I wanted to hear more,' said Alice Fairchild; and Janet, who had actually forgotten to look at her dress or settle her ribbons for a whole half-hour, spoke up quite rapturously for her:

'Oh, Miss Lorrimer! you do make it so plain; I declare, I feel 'most as if I had been to Palestine myself.'

'Never mind, girls; we will talk more about this lesson next Sunday,' whispered the smiling teacher, as she turned her chair and prepared to listen to the closing exercises.

If Katherine Lorrimer had only known that to one, at least, of that bright young class she had given her last lesson—closed her record as a Sunday-school teacher—I fear she might not have worn such a smiling, placid face as she sat awaiting the close of the school.

The following Sunday morning Alice Fairchild was not in her place. 'A little unwell but nothing serious,' her friend Janet Noble said.

During the week Miss Lorrimer called twice to ask after Alice, carrying once a basket of rare flowers to cheer the sick girl. The thought that Alice might die had never once crossed her mind. She was by far the healthiest and strongest girl in her class, looking, beside small, fragile Betty Carew, much like a gorgeous tropical flower alongside of a pale little snow-drop.

Before Sunday came again, Miss Lorrimer was quite shocked at receiving a hurried note from Mr. Fairchild.

'Will you come at once to my house with the messenger who will bring you this?' it said; 'my daughter is extremely ill, and begs constantly that she may see you. Her physician assures me that there is no danger of contagion, or I would not ask it, but I implore you to come to my motherless child who loves you devotedly.'

A few minutes later Miss Lorrimer was in Mr. Fairchild's beautiful home. The father met her at the door, looking aged and haggard.

'Come with me, there is no time to lose, for her mind may wander again at any moment,' was all he said, and she followed him silently to her pupil's room.

The shock of seeing the girl drove every particle of blood from the teacher's face, and she trembled in every limb as the father led her to the bedside. Was this the beautiful, radiant girl who had sat before her in the fulness of health and promise two short weeks ago?

Alas! upon the rich tropical flower the cruel blight had fallen swiftly. Wasted to a shadow of her old self, with the scarlet flush of fever burning on one thin cheek, while the other was white as death, great dark lustrous eyes staring at vacancy, while the small hot hand waved restlessly to and fro—this was what Miss Lorrimer took in at one glance.

'Alice, my child, your teacher is here;

she has come to see you, my darling,' and her father bent over her tenderly and laid his hand caressingly upon her forehead as he spoke.

'Has she come?' and Alice started up wildly and sat upright in the bed, and, stretching her hands out toward her teacher, she cried out, 'O I am so glad you are come! You will help me, you know all about it, dear Miss Lorrimer,' and she clasped her thin arms about the young lady's neck and drew her down close to her. 'The doctor says I must die; die, and I cannot; I am afraid; papa can't help me—you must, dear, dear Miss Lorrimer; nobody has prayed for me—will you pray?

'I want to be willing to die, don't you know? I want to love Jesus; I want to know how to do it; help me, dear Miss Lorrimer!'

Katherine Lorrimer had dropped upon her knees at the girl's bedside, and to her dying day she will never forget the great wave of horror and agony that swept over her at this despairing appeal.

She pray! she show this dying girl the way to Christ!

She could not; she did not know the way herself. For the first time in all her amiable, decorous life she saw her real self. She was not a Christian; she had no hope; if she were lying there in Alice's stead the way would be all darkness to her. Quick as a flash all this went through her mind—then she spoke.

'Alice, I cannot pray; I do not know how!' Will she ever cease to hear the shrill, frightened voice of the sick girl?

'Get someone to help me. Bring someone to pray for me now, before it is too late! Papa! papa! can't you pray? can't you help?'

The strong man wept aloud. He took the girl in his arms and whispered fond, caressing words over her.

'My darling, do not be alarmed; you will be better soon; do not excite yourself; you have nothing to fear, my child; you have never done anything wrong. Be brave and courageous.'

'Papa,' and her voice had grown very weak, 'I must have someone to show me what to do. I have got to have something here,' and the poor child laid her hand on her breast with a pathetic gesture.

Just at this moment a servant appeared at the door, with a whispered message, of which Miss Lorrimer caught only a word, and that a name—Betty Carew.

She sprang to her feet and went to the door.

'Is Miss Carew downstairs? Let her come up at once,' she said.

It had rushed over her in a second as she heard the young girl's name, that she was a Christian and might do or say something to help poor Alice. She remembered to have heard a whisper in the class one day about Betty being a church member, which then had made no impression on her mind; now it seemed to her the only thing in all the world to hope from.

She met the girl half way down the stairs and caught both her hands in hers. 'Betty, come to Alice,' she said; 'she is dying, and there is no one to even pray with her.'

The young girl's cheek flushed deeply and she did not reply, but went swiftly on to the sick girl's room. Alice was wandering again. 'What can I do?' she cried, wildly. 'Who was it in the Bible that said that? I want to be saved, saved!' and she clasped her hands and looked piteously at her father, who hung over his child in speechless agony.

Betty Carew drew nearer to her and took her hand gently in hers. 'Alice, dear,' she said, softly, 'there is nothing you can do to save yourself. It has all been done by Jesus. Can't you trust in him? Just believe, and commit yourself to him and you are safe.'

'Betty Carew, can you pray for me?' was the next solemn question, and Alice turned her large eyes full upon her young friend as she spoke.

Miss Lorrimer stole away from the room when she heard the first words of prayer from the childlike voice. It was no place for her, she thought. She went home, but how she got there she never knew. Once in her room with the door locked, and the girl was alone with that most terrible of all companionr—an aroused and accusing conscience.

She saw it all plainly now. She had had her opportunity with those girls, and she had thrown it away. She had been, in a certain sense, entrusted with the care of four immortal souls; she who had no real love for Christ herself, had dared to lay her unholy hands to such a work! 'And now, O God, forgive me!' she thought. 'One of those girls is passing into eternity unforgiven, and I am responsible.' For a time, at least, Katherine Lorrimer felt the full horror of having the blood of a soul laid at her door.

She never talked afterwards of that night or the next few days that followed, but when she went out into the world and took up again the burden of life she looked ten years older. Two days had passed—they seemed months to Miss Lorrimer—when a timid knock came upon her door, and a voice said, 'It is I, Betty Carew. May I come in?'

She opened the door and saw the child standing there—very pale and with traces of tears upon her cheeks, but with a faint, shadowy smile hovering about the sweet young lips.

Miss Lorrimer could not speak. Twice she opened her lips, but no words came.

'Yes,' said Betty, simply, in answer to the unspoken question, 'yes, she has gone—gone home to the Saviour, and to heaven, I believe—no; I don't believe it, I know it,' and the blood rushed to the girl's pale cheeks as she spoke. 'She prayed to him and trusted in him, and I know she is safe.'

Miss Lorrimer covered her face with her hands and burst into passionate sobs and tears. Such a load of agony had those few simple words lifted from her heart!

'Dear Miss Lorrimer,' and Betty knelt upon the floor beside her and put her young, strong arms about her teacher as she spoke. 'She left a message for you. "Tell her, Betty," she said, "that I found the way and she must come too."'

Before poor Alice Fairchild was laid in her grave, Mr. Foster had Miss Lorrimer's resignation in his hands. It was a humble and pitiful note.

'Forgive me,' it said, 'if you can, for the dreadful mistake I have made in undertaking a work I was utterly unfitted for. I can never teach again. I feel that my whole life cannot atone for what I have done—or failed to do. I would gladly give my life to call back that poor girl again'—here the page was blotted with tears and there was only one sentence more. 'Pray for me, Mr. Foster!'

The superintendent's eyes were suspiciously dim as he folded away the pathetic note. This was severe discipline for the young teacher, but sent in mercy, as the result proved, for out of the darkness of despair and self-condemnation came at last light, blessed light; for Katherine Lorrimer became a Christian.

Her class, that had been disbanded after Alice Fairchild's death, she sought out in their homes, and with tears and deep humility asked their forgiveness for the wasted past, and begged them to come back and help her to undo the harm she had done.

They loved her so well that they needed no urging, and now again Miss Lorrimer's class is the best in the school—best in the deepest, broadest sense, for meekly and prayerfully the teacher is trying to lead her girls to Christ.

The Wrong Door.

Recently a worker at an eastern coal mine opened one of two trap doors and stepped through, supposing that he was stepping into the cage; but he had opened the wrong door, and he fell three hundred feet and lay a mangled mass at the bottom of the mine. Such pathetic tragedies are frequent in the industrial world. Sometimes they appear to have been unforeseeable, but generally they are the result of thoughtlessness. Familiarity with dangerous processes is apt to make men careless. The danger point may be safely passed with heedless inattention a hundred times, but presently there is a slip or a miss, and then the dreadful penalty is paid. A workman cannot open the wrong door with impunity: it is his business to think and know what he is doing and open the right door. The world is full of doors. Some of them open into life and light, and others into darkness and death. The man that opens the door of a saloon instead of the door of his home is taking a fall that may land him at the bottom of the pit. Dishonesty is a door through which many a man thinks he is stepping up into wealth, but it will drop him into woe. It is a sad and terrible thing for one to miss the door of the church and find the door of the ball-room or the gambling house. Many of the doors of sin are so decorated and gilded that they look more attractive and promising than the doors of righteousness. But it is our business to know the difference between these doors and not be deceived. Ignorance will not excuse us, carelessness will not be accepted as an extenuation of guilt. He that opens the wrong door in this world may be dropped into the bottomless pit; but the right door may be the gate into the celestial city. —'Presbyterian Banner.'

Old Country Friends.

Do our subscribers all know that the postage on papers to Great Britain and Ireland has been so greatly reduced that we can now send any of our publications, postage paid, at the same rates as obtain in Canada.

'Daily Witness,' post paid, $3 a year.
'Weekly Witness,' post paid, $1 a year.
'World Wide,' post paid, $1 a year.
'Northern Messenger,' post paid, 30c year.

How Some Girls Made Sunshine.

('Pansy,' in 'C. E. World.')

I venture the statement that there is no village so small but somewhere within its limits warm hearts and helping hands are needed to come to the rescue of the overburdened. It shall be my pleasure to tell you about a group of girls who belonged to a Bible class, as you do, and lived in a small town, as you do. There were fifteen of them, all belonging to the well-to-do, and having some money and some leisure to dispose of. They had been discussing with vigor for some time the question, 'What is there that we can do to help "the other half" live?'

One day a leading spirit among them said: 'Girls, I've discovered an opportunity! If we can only take hold of it, I am sure we shall meet a "long-felt want," as the newspapers say.'

They were eager, and she explained.

Only the day before, in calling at a house where some work was being done for her mother, she had found the worker in a 'hot little kitchen,' with the door closed upon the beautiful outside world, because the little girls, aged three and five, would climb over every barrier she had been able to raise, and get into the street. The poor children, thus made prisoners during the brief intervals when they were not tied up, being punished, were getting into everything they could, not excepting a pot of 'queer-smelling stuff' that was stewing on the back of the stove, the wash-boiler being in front.

As for the baby, aged twenty months, his state was indescribable, his face being blackened like a coal-heaver's, to say nothing of his clothes. He was trying to investigate the coal-box, and before that had been into a pail of 'scraps.'

The story-teller was eloquent. 'The poor little things!' she said. 'Why, girls, she spanked that oldest child twice while I was there, and shook even the baby.'

It developed that this woman, who had no suitable room in which to work, nor tools to work with, was compelled to refuse day-labor at which she could make better wages and get better food, because she had no one with whom to leave her children.

The young philanthropist, her eyes thus opened to a need, searched further along that same back street, and found a child of seven, so crippled that she could not get out of her chair without help, locked into a dreary kitchen for safety, while her mother went out to work. Three days each week that poor lame mite spent in this solitude, not even able to be placed near the one window because, if she was, the 'horrid street boys plagued her.'

In a third home was a mischievous sprite of four, who 'got spanked every hour' because she would keep under the flying feet of her mother. The said mother kept an eating-house for the 'boys' who worked on the road, and had only her own pair of hands to do all the work of providing three meals a day for twenty or more hungry men.

'Well, but,' said the bewildered girls, 'it is horrid, but what can we do?'

Then came the plan, which was worked out by degrees, and of which I came to know after it had reached almost perfection. They borrowed an unused room in a carriage-house belonging to one of the fathers. They cleaned it with their own young hands, and with their own money they bought cheap muslin which they made into curtains for the windows. They adorned the walls, in time, with hundreds of Perry pictures at one cent a piece; choice pictures, worthy of study.

They laid the floor, little by little, with rugs woven from cotton rags which they sewed and wound. The warp and weaving for seventeen yards of rugs cost less than four dollars. 'And we had all the fun of the sewing and planning thrown in!' said the gleeful girls. They made cotton pillows covered with ten-cent cretonne of a color that was easy to wash, and tossed them about luxuriously on the floor and on the low 'cosey-corner' seats which one of the fathers and three of the brothers set up for them. They made rag dolls, and cloth scrap-books, and pasteboard furniture; they gathered from their friends cast-off toys that the aforesaid brothers mended until they were as good as new.

Into this haven of comfort and good cheer they removed the chair of the little crippled girl (in time, they had given to them an invalid chair which just fitted her poor twisted back), and into her hungry arms they put a fat rag doll that she could dress and undress. Thither they transported the much-spanked babies, made clean each morning by their mothers, who dropped them, each work-day morning, like rolls of cotton at the carriage-house door, and went gratefully back to their own hard toil.

For the fifteen girls divided the working-days of the week into periods, and divided the periods among them, each giving an hour of time each day, and taking their turns as heads of this unique household. They played with the children; they charmed the babies to their daily naps; they taught the crippled girl to read; they fed all the children, at stated hours, lunches provided by their mothers; and fed them sometimes, as the weeks went by, choice morsels of food not provided by the mothers.

Their project grew, and their schemes multiplied as well as their force of workers, until they had at command for extra service as many as their needs required. To do justice to their story would require a volume. Once a week they came together as a committee, the original fifteen, and compared notes, and arranged their programme for the next week, and sewed their rags, or mended the clothes of their protégés, or, in time, made new garments, and had, as one girl with a radiant face told me, 'lots of fun, besides.'

Those over-burdened mothers—who shall undertake to tell the story of their gratitude?

One of them said, wiping the tears from her eyes with her apron, 'Only God knows what it was to me, ma'am. I was about discouraged, and ready to give up.'

As for the children themselves, the day when the heretofore unusued room in the carriage-house received them was the day when paradise opened for them.

All this was done in a town supposed to be too small for a 'day-nursery' or a 'play garden.'

Aunt Mary's Calendar.

(Adelbert F. Caldwell, in 'Wellspring.')

'Sixteenth or seventeenth? Why, I've actually forgotten the day of the month,' and Aunt Mary glanced toward the dainty little calendar hanging near the table of the comfortably-furnished sitting-room. 'Wednesday; it's the seventeenth, and I must go home the twenty-second. That is Monday.

'But what has Ellen been doing! First, second, third—there is a pencil mark drawn through each day of the month; even today is crossed off!'

Just then the door opened, and Ellen came in with a plate of toothsome fudge.

'I have just made it, auntie; try some. Almost every day I make something of the kind. I like confectionery fresh, and, besides, making it helps pass away the time. It is fearfully tedious here for me, so much alone, with father and the boys away all day.'

'And so——'

Aunt Mary glanced toward the little marked-up calendar inquiringly.

'Yes; you've noticed it? Every morning I draw my pencil through the day of the month. You see, I look up to the calendar and there's another day crossed out. Of course, the weeks are just as long, but they seem shorter by my method of marking.'

Aunt Mary turned slightly in her chair, and met the aimless look in her niece's eyes.

'So the time drags, my dear? I feared it. Suppose you try my system of marking. You will find it vastly more satisfactory.'

Ellen looked up, questioningly.

'Your system, auntie? I didn't imagine anyone else had a marking system. I thought the scheme was original with me.'

'Yours may be, dear, for it is quite unlike mine.'

'But what is your system?' pressed Ellen, curiously.

'You let me take your calendar and I'll show you. Instead of making the cross on the date for to-morrow,' continued Aunt Mary, quietly, as Ellen handed her the calendar, 'I mark mine in this way.'

Ellen watched carefully as her aunt marked in one corner, round the 18, 'B. R.' Then in the other corner was placed 'M. C.'

When it was finished, there was set down 'B. R.,' 'M. C.,' 'T. C.,' 'M. L. A.,' 'H. S.,' 'C. W.,' and 'P. C.,'—the whole little square being filled.

'But I don't see what all those letters mean.'

'It's my reminder,' replied Aunt Mary, smiling. 'It tells me how many things I can accomplish in just one day, and makes me value time; instead of wishing it to hurry away, I am anxious to make use of every minute.'

'But what do "B.R.," "M. C.," and the other letters mean? That is the mystery, auntie!'

'No mystery, dear. The "B. R." tells me I must spend some of the day in Bible-reading, for, my dear, no day is begun aright without this duty performed.

'"M. C." reminds me that I must mend clothing. When at home I always do this on Thursday for poor blind Aunt Sally Howe, who lives next door. "T.C." is teach cooking to the little class of girls

from the West End. And I find great pleasure in it. They have so little home instruction, I deem it a privilege—I don't call it a duty—to help them, and they're so eager to learn.'

Ellen was becoming more interested.

'"M. L. A.," ' continued Aunt Mary, 'reminds me I must look about for chances to help some stranger; "M.," meditation—everyone should devote a few minutes each day to this.

'"H. S." is for home surprises. Each day I plan something that may be a pleasurable surprise to the home folks—sometimes a new game for the evening, a new dish for the table, or something of a like nature.'

'"C. W." is my church work. I put this in on Tuesdays and Thursdays. And "P. C." is personal culture. How much reading or study do you do each day, Ellen?'

'I hardly know; not very much, I guess,' confessed Ellen, with evident confusion.

'I plan every day to do something in the line of personal culture; either to read history, study art, take up some standard book, or do something, so I may not get into ruts and become old-fashioned. This I regard as one of my most exacting duties.

'Now, dear, if you should try my system of calendar-marking, as I said before, you would never give it up for yours. Suppose you try it to-morrow.'

'I can't put it off till to-morrow. Its superiority over my method is so evident that I must begin its use to-day,' replied Ellen.

On the Uplands.

(Rebecca Harding Davis, in the 'Interior.')

Here is a little story which never before has been told in print, but which is surely as well worth the telling as the histories of wars and crimes and sharp tricks in the money market with which our papers and minds are filled nowadays.

A certain shrewd Hebrew merchant, whom we shall call Lejee, built, a few years ago, a huge department store in one of our large cities. It was planned to occupy a whole block. But the corner lot, forty feet square, was owned by an old German watchmaker named Weber, who refused to sell it.

'No, I will not give up my house,' he said. 'I bought it when property here was cheap, and I have lived and worked here for fifty-two years. I will not sell it.'

'But,' Lejee patiently reasoned, 'you virtually gave up business years ago. You make or sell no watches now. Your sons have other pursuits. You don't live in the house, only sit in this office all day long, looking out of the window.'

The office was a small corner room in the second story, with an open fireplace around which were set some old Dutch tiles. A battered walnut desk was fitted into the wall, and before it stood an old chair with a sheepskin cover.

The old man's face grew red. 'You are right,' he said. 'I don't work here. I have enough to live on without work. But I am an old man, and want to live in this room. It is home to me. When my wife and I first came here we were poor. I worked in the shop below, but we lived here. Greta fried the cakes and wurst over that fire; the cradle stood in that corner. Little Jan was born here; his coffin was carried out of that door. Greta is dead for many a long year. But when I sit here and look out of the window, I think she is with me. For thirty years she and I looked out of that window and talked of the changes in the street below.'

Lejee was silenced for the time, but began his arguments again the next day, doubling his offer.

'The lot is worth that to me,' he said, 'as I own the block, but to nobody else. You are throwing away a large sum which would be a great help to your sons that you may indulge a bit of sentiment. Have you the right to do that?'

Weber was hard pushed. His boys were struggling on with small means; this money would set them on their feet, would enable them to marry. What right had he to spoil their lives that he might sit and dream of old times? The next day he gave his consent and the sale was made.

The old man lived in the suburbs; he never came to that part of the town while the building was in progress. When it was finished and the huge department store was thrown open to the public, Lejee one say asked him to come in. He led him through the great crowded salesrooms, piled one on top another for nine stories, and then drew him into a narrow passage, and flung open a door.

'There is your little office, just as you left it,' he said. 'We have built around it, and beside it, but not a brick in it has been touched. There is your fire with the old tiles and your desk, and your chair was brought back to-day. It is your office, Mr. Weber, and if you will sit here as long as you live and think of them that are gone, and watch the changes in the street below, I shall feel there is a blessing on the big house, because I have a friend in it.'

The little story, which is true, except in names, reminds me of some of the whimsical doings of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, who put so much humor and keen perception of character into his kindness as to make of charity a fine art.

For example, a pretty, hard-working young art student won a prize at the academy which entitled her to a year's study in Paris. Mr. Childs sent for her and eyed her critically. 'Been enquiring about you, Miss Blank. Only child of your mother, and she a widow. Have just sent her a cheque which will give her a year in Paris, too. Too many pretty art students over there already trotting up and down the Latin quarter alone. Mother goes with you. That's all. Good-day.'

He had an innumerable acquaintance among poor ministers and clerks and young girls of good birth with no money—the people who can just pay their way, but to whom the extra dollar is a luxury. He took a keen delight in starting them with undreamed comforts and pleasures known only to the rich. The half-starved clergyman had his three months in Europe, the clerk received a paid-up life insurance for his children, the penniless bride was made happier for life by a pretty trousseau, a good stock of napery and silver to carry into her new home.

The poet, Walt Whitman, was for years one of his constant bedesmen. The story has been told before of how he offered Whitman a regular salary one fall if he would ride on all the horse-cars in the city, find out how many of the drivers had overcoats for the winter, and report to him, so that he might provide for the needy. Whitman was asked once if this story were true.

'Yes,' he said, 'I did not refuse the job. It wasn't hard work. He paid me a good salary, and then I had the satisfaction of knowing that I was helping Childs out of his difficulties.'

Another story has never before been told. A friend, who one day found Mr. Childs signing a cheque for the idle poet, remonstrated with him on giving to him so liberally.

'He does not need it,' he insisted. 'He has $12,000 hoarded away to erect a monument to his memory when he is gone.'

Mr. Childs hesitated. 'O well, now!' he said, signing the cheque, 'you can't refuse a man any fun he can get out of thinking of his own tombstone!'

Clergyman's Questions to an Atheist Officer.

A young clergyman was visiting the house of his sister, and found quite a company round the table—among them a talkative military gentleman, who rather freely flavored his wit with perverted Bible quotations and anti-Christian innuendos. A bantering remark about God that amounted to no less than a parade of his atheism aroused the hostess at last. 'You seem to forget that my brother here is a minister of the Gospel,' she said. 'Oh!' quoth the unabashed officer, 'my clerical friend and I understand each other'; and, turning to the young man, with patronizing impudence he asked, 'Is it not so, sir? Your office requires you to tell the old story, which for the ignorant may do very well to believe, but as a man of culture you yourself cannot put faith in these worn-out doctrines.' The clergyman eyed his questioner a minute, and then said, 'Sir, before answering your questions, I must ask you three. You are an atheist. Such people have always been in the world. One class of these are thinkers who have speculated and groped till they have fallen into despair and said, "There is no God.' Do you belong to that class?' 'No,' laughed the officer; 'thinking is not to my taste. I am no philosopher.' 'Another class are those who speak frivolously of God merely because they learned to do it where such talk was the fashion. Are you one of them?' 'No, sir,' said the officer, slightly reddening; 'I am not a blind follower of others.' 'There is but one more class of atheists,' quietly continued the minister—'those who have wallowed in sin till they must either expect the horrors of remorse or kill their conscience; and, as the shortest way to get rid of it, they declare that there is no God.' This time the clergyman did not utter his question; but the eyes of the whole company turned on the confused scoffer made both question and answer needless.—'Christian Herald.'

A Bagster Bible Free.

Send five new subscribers to the 'Northern Messenger' at thirty cents each and secure a nice Bagster Bible, suitable for Sabbath School or Day School. Bound in black pebbled cloth, with red edges, measures seven inches by five and three-quarter inches when open.

LITTLE FOLKS

Joy's Birthday.

It was Joy's sixth birthday. With a fresh pink calico dress on and a bright silver quarter in her hand, she started for the minister's house, for only he had Testaments to sell. To have one for her very own, and to read out of it all by herself, was Joy's 'biggest wish.'

It was a sandy road. Prickly burrs grew by the side of it, and one of them worked itself through her stocking and hurt. Down sat Joy to pull it out, when the precious bit of money slipped through her fingers and hid itself in the

sand. She looked for it again and again, but it could not be found.

'Dear, dear! What poor little girl is that, with a pretty pink dress on, crying so hard?' thought Mary Morris as she came near with a milk-pail on her arm.

Now Joy had felt sorry for Mary Morris ever since the day she first saw her. First, because she wasn't pretty—Joy loved pretty people. Next, because she always wore faded calico dresses and green gingham sun-bonnets with pasteboard inside to make them stiff. Last of all, because she lived in a poor little house out by the marsh.

The faded calico and green bonnet bent over the fresh pink dress. 'What you crying about, Joy? Oh, is that all? I know I can find it!'

How Mary sifted the sand through her long fingers, till the silver piece rolled from her hand to Joy's! She threw her arms around Mary's neck, and the pasteboard bent and broke under the warmth of her embrace.

'I'm going to like you always, Mary Morris, see if I don't! And I'll let you read out of my Testament every time you want to, see if I don't. I'm coming to see you, too—yes, indeed I am!'

There was a great brass knocker on the minister's door. Joy was afraid to touch it at first, but it 'went off' almost before she knew it, and a little woman with a big ruffled cap on opened the door.

'No, the minister ain't to home, but she is. She's sick, though, and you ain't to make a mite of noise if I let you go in.' There on the bed in a little room lay sweet-faced Mrs. May. She looked very happy, and beside her lay the cunningest little baby Joy had ever seen. She quite forgot the piece of money tied carefully by Mary in the corner of her handkerchief.

'Did your mother send you on an errand?' asked Mrs. May at last. Then Joy remembered, and was allowed to pick out the Testament she liked best—a red one.—'Little Ones Annual.'

Expiring Subscriptions.

Would each subscriber kindly look at the address tag on this paper? If the date thereon is May, 1903, it is time that the renewals were sent in so as to avoid losing a single copy. As renewals always date from the expiry of the old subscriptions, subscribers lose nothing by remitting a little in advance.

Lucy's Diary.

('Christian Intelligencer.')

March 11, 1901.—We saw two little phoebes and heard them call to each other.

12th.—It rained very hard and papa said that in the early spring it generally rained hard, which was a sign of the coming spring.

15th.—I noticed that the grass had begun to grow green.

17th.—I saw that the buds had begun to swell.

20th.—I saw that the birds had begun to build.

21st.—The air is warm and so is the rain. It is the first day of spring.

22nd.—Coming to school I saw a robin. This is a lovely spring morning and the sky is clear, except for a few fleecy clouds. The ground is softer than before, and most of the frost is out.

23rd.—I went to walk and saw a lot of robins and bluebirds. We came within seven or eight feet of a robin.

24th.—I was taking care of my little sister when I heard some robins chattering. I went to the window and saw one of them pecking at the ground for worms. There was a little bluebird in the maple tree and he sort of half winked at us.

April 4.—As I walked to school to-day I saw a little tree-sparrow feeding the babies. We planted our seeds in sawdust.

9th.—I saw two purple grackles in the big elm tree. I see them very often.

10th.—At noon Ruth and I saw a flock of wild geese. Their heads were the most prominent part of them; they stuck out so.

20th.—I saw a pink bud on the small peach tree. I think it will soon be out.

21st.—There is a lot of grackles, robins and bluebirds around home singing and squawking. I noticed what a queer noise they made when singing together. There are a lot of horse chestnuts and maple trees sprouting.

23rd.—The trees have put on their prettiest, lightest colors.

25th.—A lot of worms came out and were drowned in the rain.

26th.—The black specks on the frogs' eggs are fainter. The peas have grown up above the edge of the box.

29th.—The honeysuckle leaves are out and almost their full size. The air is warm and almost hot. There are almost no clouds, and the sky is a clear, beautiful blue.

30th.—A great many birds are making their nests now. There are two robins in the fir tree. They are very tame, and if anyone comes near, instead of flying away, they will go right up to you. I think they have their nest in the fir tree.

May 1.—One of the beech buds that Lizzie brought was out and we could see the form of the little leaves.

2nd.—There was a little maple (that I brought) that had two tiny leaves at the top and at the bottom were two long, slender leaves.

7th.—I brought some maple twigs to school. The colors are very pretty. The keys were on them.

8th.—I found a lot of June bugs. They were in the ground under a board. Coming home from school I saw two large, white butterflies flitting around in the air.

9th.—The horse chestnut leaves are way out. They have grown since yesterday. Now we see the welcome sight, dew instead of frost.

11th.—I saw a wren. It came and stood right under the window. It was very cunning, and was picking up seeds. He would look at us once in a while.

12th.—A robin came up in the same way. One of us made a motion and he flew to a tree in mortal terror, although we were indoors. I found a grasshopper in the grass.

13th.—I brought in some apple buds and they have come out.

15th.—We found a robin's nest and it had four little eggs. When the mother saw us coming to look in at them she flew away in fear.

17th.—While I was playing in our playhouse a robin perched right above my head. We found that the eggs were not in the nest, and on the ground was a half-shell with the young bird half in and half out. We could see the black specks where the eyes would have been.

19th.—We saw two grackles and we could distinguish them from crows only by their tails.

20th.—We found some huckleberry blossoms.

23rd.—The sunset was beautiful. I could see lakes, seas, harbors, mountains, hills, rivers, villages and all sorts of things which made it lovely.

24th.—I was playing out of doors when I suddenly heard a crow cawing very fast, and a robin's cry which indicated that it was very much frightened. As I looked up I saw a crow chasing a robin. The crow did not seem to be gaining at all.

27th.—I saw a number of large white butterflies and a brindled-beauty moth.

28th.—A storm took most of the petals from the apple blossoms.

29th.—I brought a clover blossom to school.

June 3.—I saw a bird that I did not know. It was very small, was dull red in color, and had a crest on his head. It looked as if it were standing on its tail. It fluttered its wings so fast I could hardly see them.

4th.—Fifteen or twenty of the birds I saw yesterday alighted on the ground, and just as they were settled a robin came up and frightened them away.

10th.—I heard a cricket singing. In fact, I heard more than one.

11th.—I found a cocoon. It was covered with dirt and inside was the shell of the worm, with a large hole in one end. It looked as if it could not get out. It was jammed in between two boards.

14th.—We went to walk in the woods and I found some lovely lady-slippers. In looking for more I came across a nest on a bush about five feet from the ground. It was made of pine-needles and outside were some white feathers. It was of a triangular shape. As we were coming home I spied a patch of red among the trees and we found it was a scarlet tanager.

About this time school closed for the summer and so did Lucy's diary.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

A Dangerous Kite.

A thirteen-year-old boy at Cateau, France, while flying a kite, had a startling and really perilous adventure.

The kite, twenty-seven inches long, had reached a great height when a thunderstorm was seen approaching. The boy at once began to haul in his cord. The kite, however, was still one hundred yards or so above the earth when there came a brilliant flash of lightning. Young Janti was thrown into the air, made two or three somersaults, and fell ten or twelve feet away.

The kite had attracted the electric fluid, which followed the cord, as in Franklin's famous experiment, and descended into the earth through the boy's body. Wonderful to relate, the lad was not killed.

After a little he rose and made his way home, trembling and crying. The nails of his left hand, which had held the string, were turned blue, as if by a terrible bruise, while the fingers were burned and covered with blisters. Besides this, his face was bruised considerably by his fall. The kite string was burned in two by the discharge, and the kite flew away, to parts unknown.—'Advocate.'

Children's Time-Table.

Sixty seconds make a minute;
How much good can I do in it?
Sixty minutes make an hour—
All the good that's in my power;
Twenty hours and four a day—
Time for work and sleep and play;
Days three hundred and sixty-five
Make a year in which to strive,
Every moment, hour and day,
My dear Master to obey.
—Waif.

The Little Scholar's Choice.

'Though I were sleepy as a cat,'
The little scholar said,
'I would not care to take a nap
In any river's bed.

'And though I were so starved
I scarce
Had strength to stand,
I'd beg through all the valley ere
I sought a table land.

'But, O! what jolly times I'd have!
I'd play and never stop,
If I could only take a string
And spin a mountain-top.'
—The 'Independent.'

LESSON X.—JUNE 7.

Acts xxvii., 33-44.

Golden Text.

Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.—Psalm cvii., 28.

Home Readings.

Monday, June 1.—Acts xxvii., 33-44.
Tuesday, June 2.—Acts xxvii., 1-12.
Wednesday, June 3.—Acts xxvii., 13-20.
Thursday, June 4.—Acts xxvii., 21-32.
Friday, June 5.—II. Cor. xi., 23-30.
Saturday, June 6.—Ps. cvii., 23-31.
Sunday, June 7.—Jonah i., 4-16.

(Arranged from Peloubet's Notes.)

33. And while the day was coming on, Paul besought them all to take meat, saying, This is the fourteenth day that ye have tarried, and continued fasting, having taken nothing.

34. Wherefore I pray you take some meat; for this is for your health: for there shall not an hair fall from the head of any one of you.

35. And when he had thus spoken, he took bread, and gave thanks to God in presence of them all: and when he had broken it, he began to eat.

36. Then were they all of good cheer, and they also took some meat.

37. And we were all in the ship two hundred, three score, and sixteen souls.

38. And when they had eaten enough, they lightened the ship, and cast out the wheat into the sea.

39. And when it was day, they knew not the land: but they discovered a certain creek with a shore, into the which they were minded, if it were possible, to thrust in the ship.

40. And when they had taken up the anchors, they committed themselves unto the sea, and loosed the rudder, and hoisted up the mainsail to the wind, and made towards shore.

41. And falling into a place where two seas met they ran the ship aground; and the forepart stuck fast and remained immovable, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.

42. And the soldiers' counsel was to kill the prisoners, lest any of them should swim out and escape.

43. But the centurion willing to save Paul kept them from their purpose; and commanded that they which could swim should cast themselves first into the sea and get to land:

44. And the rest, some on boards and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass, that they all escaped all safe to land.

Paul's party consisted of himself, Luke (the author) and Aristarchus. These were old and tried friends. The other prisoners were under the charge of a centurion named Julius, with a soldier guard of the Augustan band.

They reached Fairhavens, on the south of Crete, about the 25th of September, the season of storms on the Mediterranean. At this point Paul advised the sailors not to continue their voyage until spring. Note how Paul's wise advice, though not accepted at the time, gave the sailors increasing confidence in his advice a few days later (v. 21).

Hardly had they set out again when there arose a squall from the east-northeast. In their efforts to save the ship they passed ropes around the vessel to relieve the mast from the strain of the great sail, they lightened the gear, they lightened the ship of some of its freight, and tackling or furniture. The casting overboard of the latter was of little practical value, but, as Ramsey remarks, 'they were eager to do something, and this makes a striking picture of a growing panic.'

The storm had continued nearly two weeks without sight of sun or stars, which in those days, before the invention of the compass, were the only guides to sailors who were out of sight of land. They were almost in despair, when one morning Paul, standing among the sailors, soldiers and passengers, told them of a message of cheer God's angel had brought him in the night (a message which, from its wording, had evidently come in answer to prayer). Therefore let all take courage, for while they must be wrecked, everyone would safely reach the shore.

Contrast Jonah in the storm with Paul. Ten righteous men would have saved Sodom; Potiphar and the Egyptian jailer were blessed for Joseph's sake.

At the end of fourteen days the ship drifted near to land. 'The sound of breakers, probably the white lines of foam seen through the darkness, gave rise, we may believe, to this impression' (Plumptre). They anchored by four anchors from the stern, and longed for dawn.

During these two weeks they had had no regular meals, their cooking apparatus had been thrown overboard and they had only such scraps of food as they could pick up. Now Paul desires them to sit down and eat a good meal with the assurance that every one of them shall reach land. He then takes bread and gives thanks. A spirit of hope and happiness comes over the whole crew and they too begin to eat.

They now lightened the ship for the third time, their object being to approach nearer the shore for safety, the wheat, the main cargo, being retained as long as possible. The sailors cut the cables and committed, not themselves, but the anchors, 'to the sea,' and loosed the rudder bands; ancient ships were steered by two large paddles, one on each quarter. These were secured by lashings, when drifting or at the time of anchoring; these were now cut so that the paddles could be used for steering.

Then they came to a place where two seas met (it has been thought that this was the channel between the island of Salmonatta and Malta), and the forepart of the ship struck (probably in tenacious clay) while the hinder part was lashed by the waves.

The soldiers were answerable with their lives for the detention of their prisoners, and suggested that all these prisoners be put to death in case they escaped. But the centurion, wishing very much to protect Paul, dissuaded them, and commanded all to swim to shore.

Next week our lesson is about Paul at Rome. Acts xxviii., 16-24, 30, 31.

C. E. Topic

Sunday, June 7.—Topic—Modern lessons from the Rechabites. Jer. xxxv., 1-6, 18, 19.

Junior C.E. Topic

YOUR FAVORITE BIBLE PROMISE.

Monday, June 1.—Strength. Isa. xl., 31.
Tuesday, June 2.—Eternal life. Titus i., 2.
Wednesday, June 3.—Joy. Ps. xxxii., 11.
Thursday, June 4.—Guidance. Ps. xxxii., 8.
Friday, June 5.—Power. Rev. ii., 26.
Saturday, June 6.—Heaven. John xiv., 2, 3.
Sunday, June 7.—Topic—What is your favorite Bible promises, and why? I. Kings viii., 54-56; Ps. xxxvii., 3.

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A Fight Against Odds

(Kate Anderson, in the 'Union Signal.')

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTER I.

[Mr. Kilgour, a railway conductor, is killed in the wreck of his train caused by the blunder of a drunken engineer. His son Ralph takes a position as clerk in a hotel and the second son, Willie, is offered the place of assistant, but refuses from a nameless fear of having anything to do with the 'thing' that caused his father's death.]

CHAPTER II.

Somehow it reached the ears of Mrs. Wilson, a neighbor, that Willie Kilgour had refused a position offered him by the city magnate because of his temperance principles—which the reader knows was not a precisely correct account of the matter. However, this news gladdened the heart of the good old lady, who was prominent in the very struggling and little appreciated local W.C.T.U., and she lost no time in imparting the intelligence to several of her sisters in the work.

Thus it came round to the ears of the Methodist minister, and Willie suddenly found himself, without apparent cause, the subject of special friendliness and cordiality from the church members.

The Baptist minister's wife, who was president of the union, called on his mother, and cornered him while she talked sweetly and earnestly on many things. Mrs. Maxwell, wife of a prominent Presbyterian elder, and an enthusiastic temperance worker, stopped him on the street to shake hands with him and invite him to a young people's rally to be held at her home. Mr. Drake, the 'pillar' among the Methodists, suddenly discovered that he needed a young man in his big furniture warerooms during the slack summer season, and engaged Willie at a good salary, and a commission on all carpet sales.

Willie, with his quick sympathies and ardent nature, especially softened and responsive in his grief, soon found himself forming new friendships, new interests, new views of life far different from those of the careless past.

Need it be told that ere many weeks had passed the boy had found his Saviour and was rejoicing in a wonder of divine bliss in sins forgiven and a heart cleansed?

In August a blow fell on the Kilgour family group. Claude, the brilliant, Claude the seemingly invincible, had failed in his examination. In vain were the lists scanned for the missing name. It was not there.

'Some mistake,' observed Ralph; 'the kid never failed. Why, it was the easiest half of the two-part "exam" which he took. He could almost have taken the entire course in a year if we had let him. No trouble for him to learn anything.'

In one sense Claude's failure was not regarded as a serious matter. The child was barely thirteen years old and had plenty of time before him, but it was a sore shock to their confident pride in the boy.

However, the lists were confirmed by the principal, who called the next day with Claude's report, showing a wretched failure in arithmetic and physics, with very low marks on the other subjects.

Of course, Claude received nothing but love and sympathy from his family. It was true, as his mother said, that Claude had not been himself for several months. He had taken his father's death terribly hard; indeed, the boy had given way to an almost unnatural abandonment of grief. For a time it had seemed that his very mind would give way to a half-crazed

frenzy of horror and despair. This caused the family much anxiety.

One night, about a week after the terrible event, while his mother was trying to soothe him from a troubled slumber into quiet sleep, he suddenly started up and threw his arms round her neck, sobbing:

'Oh, mamma, mamma, if I had only been a good boy! Oh, if I had only always been good—even a little bit good.'

'Claude, darling, you have always been a good boy; your dear father always said so, and he was right. All boys are more or less naughty, but, dearie, you have nothing very bad to feel much remorse about. You never wilfully tried to grieve either papa or me, did you, dear—or deceive us in any way?'

Claude turned over with a heart-rending moan, and his mother kept her vigil by his bedside till morning.

After a fortnight the delirious violence of his grief subsided, but he was no more the old sunshiny Claude. He became moody and irritable, at odd times giving way to uncontrollable bursts of grief, or even temper. He would come down to breakfast with swollen eyes and puffy features, displaying little or no appetite for the dainties with which that excellent cook, his mother, endeavored to tempt his palate, and he appeared to lose much of the superabundant vitality which is a characteristic of mischievous, healthy boyhood.

Never had Claude been known to shirk a task. He had always been eager to do a double share in any little work about the house. It had been a common saying: 'There is not a lazy hair in Claude's head.' Now he forgot half his errands, and the slightest exertion seemed a dragging effort, while he complained constantly of pains in his bones.

Many of these changes crept on so insidiously that they escaped notice ot the time, though they were afterwards recalled. Besides, Claude was growing very fast—springing up all at once, as so many lads do, and to this his mother, who had brought up two other boys, ascribed all his ills and vagaries.

Willie was talking with Mr. Fenwick, principal of the collegiate, one day during the summer holidays, concerning the comting term and the subject of Claude's failure came up. To his great surprise, Willie learned that Claude's status in the classroom had been falling off almost from the very beginning of the winter term, while he had accomplished simply nothing since the Easter holidays. 'It was not until about a month before the examination that several of the teachers began to complain to me of Claude's work,' said Mr. Fenwick. 'I had myself noticed a certain apathy in the boy, a seeming lack of concentration, but I was completely deceived as to his real standing and did not worry myself much, for I considered that even before Christmas Claude was abundantly prepared to pass in the four easy subjects required for the first part of his matriculation, and as for the other subjects, he could pull up in time the next year.'

'It's my fault,' said Willie. 'I never thought of inquiring into the kid's status, as I was sure he was all right anyway, and I felt I had lots to worry over on my own hook; it's a wonder to me yet how I scraped through; but I'll look after him next year, never fear.'

Soon after, Willie left the store and started home to supper. His pleasant brown eyes were very good to look at, but not so good to look through, as the boy was very near-sighted. He fancied there was something familiar, yet in another sense unfamiliar, in the slouching, flinging saunter of a boy some yards ahead of him—something that reminded him of his young brother. Still he did not think of Claude. A few brisk steps brought him up behind the lad, who turned suddenly, as if startled, the next moment flinging away a half-smoked cigarette.

Willie joined him, remarking: 'You don't want to smoke those things, Claude; they're no good for growing lads, and I've heard they form a habit that's hard to break. I didn't know you had ever smoked one.'

Claude replied carelessly: 'Neither have I, scarcely, except a few of those cubeb cigarettes, which are good for catarrh. I hardly ever touch the others.'

'Well, see that you don't touch anything of the kind, or I'll see to you, young man,' replied Willie, severely.' 'If I ever catch you at it, I'll tell Ralph and mother, and you'll be dealt with. What would father have thought of this, Claude?'

Claude's face clouded, as he answered pettishly: 'I wish you'd mind your own business; I never smoked half a dozen, and I'll never smoke another, if that will satisfy you. You needn't go making a fuss at home; mother has lots to worry her.'

Willie's severe aspect at once changed. 'All right; that's the way to talk, my boy; and I won't say anything this time.'

(To be Continued.)

Why it was a Generous Wine

Many a true word is spoken in jest, and the reply of a man who was asked why a certain wine was described as a 'generous' wine was so true that it might be applied to all intoxicants. His answer was—'Because if you drink much of it you give yourself away.'

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The following are the contents of the issue of May 16, of 'World Wide':

ALL THE WORLD OVER.

A Surprise Budget—F. Harcourt Kitchin, in the 'Pilot,' London.
The Bagdad Railway—The 'Spectator,' London.
Macedonia—T. P., in 'T. P.'s Weekly.'
Profit-Sharing—Andrew Carnegie's System—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle'; the New York 'Evening Post.'
Carnegie and the Trades Unions—The Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'
The 'Times' Competition—Extracts from pamphlet issued from the 'Times' Office, London.
Mr. Punch's Competition—After a Distinguished Precedent—'Punch,' London.
An American Comment on the 'Times' Competition—By W. L. Alden, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
Mr. Hanbury's Career—'The Daily Mail,' London; 'The Christian World,' London.
The Negro Problem at the Richmond Conference—The New York 'Times.'

SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

Rebuilding the Campanile—The New York 'Evening Post.'
The Maladministration of the Chantry Trust—By D. S. MacColl, in the 'Saturday Review,' London.
A Butterfly on Mint—The New York 'Times.'

CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

'All's Well'—Poem, by J. J. Bell, in 'Black and White.'
Sunset—Poem, by F. W. Bourdillion, in the New York 'Tribune.'
A Swallow Song—By Olive Constance.
Across the Border—Poem by Sophie Jewett, in the May 'Century.'
Froude and the Carlyles—New Light on an Old Libel—The Daily News,' 'The Morning Post,' and 'The Standard,' London.
The Knowledge of Faith—By Everett P. Wheeler, in the 'Outlook,' New York.

HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

A Sharp Criticism of American Colleges—'The Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
Conceptions of Space Thinkable and Unthinkable—'The Westminster Budget.'
The Skeleton and its Work—'The Practitioner,' London.
The Heavens in May—By Henry Norris Russell, Ph.D., in the 'Scientific American.'
Practical use of Selenium—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

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Correspondence

St. Martins.

Dear Editor,—My home is in St. Martins-by-the-Sea, a pretty summer resort, one attraction being its beautiful crescent-shaped beach, with old Fundy so suitable for bathing. The background of our village being hills, partly covered with fir and spruce, it is very suitable for picnicking. We have a splendid school system, surpassed, I think, by none in the Maritime Provinces. I notice that many of your correspondents speak of their pets; my one pet is my baby brother, Kenneth Ruddick, six months old. From an interested reader of the 'Northern Messenger.'

B, JEAN O.

Loggieville, N.B.

Dear Editor,—Last June there was a Band of Hope organized here. Twenty-six members belong to it, and I am one of them. We named it 'The Twentieth Century Band of Hope.'

E. E. McD. (age 13).

The Hawk, N.S.

Dear Editor,—Hawk Point is a part of Cape Sable Island, and next to Cape Sable, which is reached by crossing a narrow inlet called Hawk Inlet. The water is shallow for quite a distance off, and when there is a strong gale from sea the seas run high and break on the shoals and on the shore with a mighty roar. The beach near here is of hard, level sand, and a nice place for sports of various kinds. This is a splendid place in summer, as there is always a cool breeze from the salt water. Wrecks were frequent years ago, The worst marine disaster that ever occurred here was the wreck of the steamship 'Hungarian,' on Feb. 19, 1860. It is often talked about yet, and that is how we children know about it. The ledge where she was wrecked is one of the southwest ledges about four miles from here. I am stopping with my grand parents at present. I go to school here, and to Sunday-school at Clarke's Harbor, three miles from here. This Sunday-school is one of the largest in this part of the province. Cape Sable Island has between two and three thousand people. The chief occupation is fishing. The 'Northern Messenger' is a welcome visitor in a number of our homes.

MARY A. (age 9).

Haileybury, Ont.

Dear Editor,—Over a year ago my auntie sent me the 'Messenger' as a gift, and I think it is such a nice little paper, that I am renewing this year myself. My big brother used to take it when he was a little boy. I wonder if any of the little readers have ever been in Haileybury. We used to live at Otter Lake, Quebec, but came here about two years ago. The only way to come in to Haileybury now is by boat up Lake Temiscamingue, but we are going to have the railway in soon. It is badly needed, too, as all supplies, freight, express, etc., have to come by boat. It is a lovely trip up here in summer. There are always crowds of tourists passing through. They usually go up the Montreal river to Lake Tamagami, where there is plenty of fish and game. I did not go to school last winter, but as soon as the roads are dry, I am going to start. I have a brother who goes all the time. For pets we have a big cat, a puppy, and ten little white chicks. I am very fond of reading, and always read the 'Messenger's' stories, letters, poems and everything else. I am going to try to get some new subscribers, because every little boy and girl should take the 'Messenger.'

CORA L. F. (age 9).

Brantford, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been receiving the 'Messenger' for nearly four years, and I enjoy reading it very much. I attend the Central School, and am in the fourth grade. Another girl and myself made equal marks this month; we got higher marks than anyone else, eighty-five per-

cent. Andrew Carnegie presented our city with thirty thousand dollars for the erection of a public library, which is being erected now, next to our church. Brantford is called the Telephone City, on account of the telephone being invented here.

FLORENCE GLADYS W. (age 13).

North Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Editor,—I live in the city of Topeka, State of Kansas. Kansas is in the United States, and you live in Canada, so we live in different countries. The Kansas river flows through Topeka. On the south side of the river it is called South Topeka and on the north it is called North Topeka. But South Topeka is the greater. We have a tabernacle on the north side, and one on the south side, but the revival meetings are all over now. The one on the south side was the largest; there were sixteen churches united, and it had a choir of five hundred voices. There were one hundred small girls that sang in the choir, and they were called Sunbeams, and the boys were called Moonbeams. Evangelist Williams led the meetings, and Mr. Hicks, the singer, had charge of the choir.

The tabernacle on the north side was in charge of Evangelist Oliver and his brother, and there were five churches united: they were Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Christian Churches. They had over six hundred converts.

JENNIE N. (age 15).

Mar, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I shall tell you of my happiest holiday. It was when I was staying up in New Ontario with my aunt, who had gone up there for her health. My uncle, aunt, cousin, my sister and I had gone up in June. We had built a little cottage, and had it comfortably furnished, and then moved into it. Everything was delightful. My sister Edna, and my cousin Lula, and I often went out on fishing expeditions, and sometimes also we would get up little private picnics. Near our cottage there was a beautiful little lake, and I used to spend all the time I could spare by it. As Aunt M.'s health improved rapidly, we thought it might do her good to go to some of our picnics, and spend more time outside. So quite a large picnic was planned, and all the preparations were made. On the morning of the picnic, Edna, Lula and I crept softly outside, and we went out to a pumpkin-field near by, and gathered as many pumpkins as we could carry, and put them under the seat of the carriage which we were going in. We then went into the house again, and went back to bed, as it was only half-past four. But as we could not go to sleep, we got up again, and in two hours were hurrying off to the picnic. A prize of a pretty little collie dog was offered for the girl or boy who should catch the most fish, and I was in hopes of getting it; but I did not, and was much disappointed. A girl whom I did not know got it. We had a splendid dinner, and after all the dishes were washed, we took turns swinging on the numerous swings in the grove. After each one of us had had a good swing, we went in bathing, and the afternoon sped away like magic, and then we had tea. Soon Edna, Lula and I made use of our pumpkins. Once in the afternoon we had managed to steal away unnoticed, and had taken our pen-knives and made jack-o'-lanterns. After tea, a large bonfire was built on the sand, and we all roasted potatoes, corn, onions, apples, etc. Suddenly Edna, my cousin, and I came into sight, each holding two jack-o'-lanterns, and we were all dressed as ghosts. When we came in sight of the rest we began to scream and make odd sounds, and sent old and young running in all directions. We soon went home, and to punish us for the fright we had given everyone, we were made to walk home.

ANNIE M. M.

Sydenham, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My mother has copies of the 'Messenger' nineteen or twenty years old. She took it when she was a girl. We get our mail at Sydenham, about three miles away, and go to church there.

F. W. (age 11).

HOUSEHOLD.

The Boys' Room.

(Mrs. J. W. Wheeler, in 'New York Observer.')

She had returned from the 'Mother's Congress' with more than one good idea, but the first and most important reformation took place in the boy's room, indeed, a blush of shame tinged her cheek when she went into that little room, under the eaves, and made an inventory of its meagre furnishings, a double bed, minus one castor, the mattress so worn that it showed hollows made from the sturdy bodies that slept there; the bureau and chairs were nondescript, having been collected from the cast-away furniture of the other rooms, the small mirror would not invite a careful toilette, even had there been any commode for the preliminary ablutions.

The carpet was badly worn in places, and the shade fastened to a roller that refused to go up or down, was arranged pulley fashion with the remains of a kite string; the walls were bare, and smoke-stained, and despite the fact that the bed was neatly made, and the room swept and dusted, the atmosphere of the room was cold and depressing.

Going to the bureau she found the top drawer a most discouraging sight—a tangle of collars, top-strings and neckties, with the heavier articles at the bottom—what a contrast to the daughter's dainty room on the floor below;

She immediately set to work, and in three days one would not have thought it the same room; only a small sum could be spared for the improvements, but what ingenious woman will stop for that! She knows how to make dimes take the place of dollars, and the zest with which the boys helped proved the falsity of the saying that: 'Boys do not care for such things.'

The actual cost of the transformation was $10.05; the itemized bill follows:

Wall paper	$1.00
Paint (mixed)	.25
Varnish	.25
Brass rod	.10
Shade	.25
Muslin	.50
Enamel cloth	.20
Carpet tacks	.05
Brass heads	.05
Gold paint	.15
Pearline	.10
Putty	.05
Brackets	.10
2 wire couch beds	7.00

The boys took up the carpet and beat it, took down the bed and consigned it to the stable loft, pulled the hair from the mattress, and washed it ready to be made into two single ones, this brought the pearline into requisition, and a thorough scrubbing of the walls and floor nearly emptied the box. The boys did all the scrubbing, also cleaned the chairs and bureau ready for the varnish, and puttied the cracks and nail-holes on the floor margin which their mother afterwards painted with the mixed paint a soft shade of drab; the paper a tangle of pink roses and foliage upon a creamy ground was used upon the ceiling as well as the sloping walls, and looked very fresh and dainty and the new window shade with a spring that would work, was also cream color, both appearing to make the room larger and brighter.

The painted margin also helped along this line, and when the drugget, made from the best breadths of the carpet fringed a la mode, was laid over several thicknesses of newspapers, the walls and floor were in perfect harmony. The bureau and chairs looked almost new, after their coat of varnish, the worn cane bottoms of the latter being removed and filled in with pieces left from the parlor carpet, the tapestry tacked with the brass heads.

A little carpentry work was necessary in putting a partition into the upper drawer and making a deep rounding shelf which was fastened to the wall, using the pair of brackets. This, when covered with white enamel cloth and draped with muslin, made a very serviceable and pretty commode; when the mother brought up a toilette set from one of the chambers below she said:

'Now, boys, no more washing in the kitchen sink and no more leaving shoes about the stove and tramping down stairs in your stocking feet, we'll find a box to put in the closet to hold the shoes.'

The remainder of the muslin was fashioned into a sash shade for the window, and a ruffled and washable bureau scarf, while the kitchen looking glass, no longer needed, was exchanged for the small one and made bright with gold paint.

The boys were enjoined to keep strictly to their own side of the upper drawer with their collars, neckties and handkerchiefs and to try to turn over a new leaf in keeping better order.

The large mattress, with the aid of hair from an old rocker, made two fine soft mattresses in regular box fashion and tacked with twine.

Two old-fashioned blue and white coverlids, trundle-bed size, made very nice spreads for these single beds, which the mother wisely decided was best.

The pillow ticks were washed and refilled, and a square table that could be spared from the sitting-room was brought up to hold the boys' 'trumpery.' The sister added a pincushion and several pretty things of her own making, which gave the final touch of grace. The boys like their room so well that they are not tempted to steal off and play cards in a neighbor's barn, and they are constantly planning something to add to its attractiveness, just now it is a book-case of spools to use up the remainer of the gold paint.

A Day at a Time.

A certain lady had met with a very serious accident, which necessitated a very painful surgical operation and months confinement to her bed. When the physician had finished his work and was about taking his leave the patient asked, 'Doctor, how long shall I have to lie here helpless?'

'Oh, only one day at a time,' was the cheery answer, and the poor sufferer was not only comforted for the moment, but many times during the succeeding weary weeks did the thought, 'only one day at a time,' come back with its quieting influence.

I think it was Sydney Smith who recommended taking 'short views' as a good safeguard against needless worry; and one far wiser than he said, 'Take, therefore, no thought for the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.'

Selected Recipes

Apple Ginger.—Two pounds apples, one-half ounce essence of ginger, two pounds sugar, one pint of water. Pare and cut the apples (the slices must not be very thin) and throw into cold water to preserve their color. Put the sugar and water into a preserving kettle, and when it boils add the essence of ginger; then drain the apples out of the water and throw into the boiling syrup, and boil until tender and transparent, but not broken much. Pour into small jars. Root ginger may be used instead of the essence.

Chocolate Cake.—Mix one-half cake of unsweetened chocolate with a half cupful of milk, add the yolk of one egg and sweeten to taste (about two tablespoonfuls of sugar are sufficient). Flavor with a teaspoonful of vanilla, which should be added as the chocolate is stirred into the cake. Leave the chocolate mixture on the back of the stove to soften while the loaf is made from one cupful of sugar, a half-cupful each of butter and milk, two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted into two cupfuls of flour. Sift in the chocolate the last thing and bake in a slow oven about three-quarters of an hour. This may be iced with a soft-boiled frosting.

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